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THE
Apparition.
A
POEM.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY
BRADSHAW
COLL.

Dii, quibus imperium eſt animarum; Umbræque ſilentes;
Et Chaos, & Phlegethon, loca nocte ſilentia late;
Sit mihi fas [illegible]
Virgil. Æneid. Lib. VI.

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[illegible] to be [illegible] Booksellers of [illegible]
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THE Apparition.

POEM.

BEGIN my Muſe: the dire Adventure tell,
How the ſupremeſt gloomy Power of Hell,
Convers'd familiar with a Mortal Man;
Where, when, and how the Conference began;
Bring each Particular in open Sight,
And do the *Devil* and the *Doctor* Right.
As round the World that reſtleſs Spirit flew,
This ſpacious Earth, and all her Sons to view;
To ſee how *Treaſons*, *Luſt* and Murder Sprung,
To fill his Realms [illegible]
While *Truth* was trampl'd on by *Lyes* and *Spight*,
And *Wrong* Victorious Triumph'd over *Right*;
Vice domineer'd, and haughty [illegible]
Surrounded with a numerous Flatt'ring Crowd;
Virtue, with Wisdom [illegible]
By all Forſaken, tho' by all Admir'd,
Silent, ſhe Griev'd, with Pity, at the Sight,
Then Wing'd tow'rds Heav'n Her ſolitary Flight.
Not ſo the *Fiend*, with other Paſſions fraught,
Exulting, on his mighty Conqueſts thought:

Wide, [illegible] Views, the [illegible] Prospect lay;
But fill'd with Joy malign, he ey'd the Prey;
For fierce [illegible] made his Madness rise,
Low'ring he scowl'd, and darken'd all the Skies;
Unmindful of the Many, Satan stood,
Revenge against those dying Few he Vow'd;
Then twist'd his Vipers round his [illegible] Head,
And thus indignant to himself he said.

These Kingdoms of the Earth of Old were given,
I [illegible] to Exchange for Heaven;
Their Towns, their Wealth, and Glory, all are mine,
I hold my Power Above by Grant Divine.
Unwary Adam, by my Cunning won,
Forsook his Eden, all their Treasures lost;
Then, if I hold by Titles such as These,
Who shall my Throne [illegible] or Remove?
Yet some few [illegible] of my [illegible] Will,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Or whom [illegible]
I [illegible] Pleasure my [illegible] Lands.
But Albion, Curst Isle! by Priests upheld,
False to my Power, is to Rebellion bred.

Not that my Emissaries there I want;
Atheists *to Curse, and* Hypocrites *to Cant.*
B——s *also blaspheme the praying Crowd,*
While Wary H———G, *whose Blasphemies aloud,*
And to each other, tho' so Opposite,
Yet to my Cause Both lovingly Unite:
Then N———T *as my Wit proceeds,*
Neglected Gardens *must be check'd with* Weeds.
Oh, cou'd I Sink the Sacramental Test!
Down falls at once the Altar *and the* Priest;
For still th' Establish'd Church *is all my Bane:*
And while That stands I ne'er must hope to Reign.
But then that D———Y, *damn'd Pedantick Town!*
That to be Fool'd by a Square-Cap and Gown!
How old and silly, Satan, *art thou grown?*
———*But to the Work, new Measures I will try,*
Quick to S———S———A, *to* L———T *I will fly:*
L———T, *alike with me, by* God *Accurs'd:*
In Vice and Error from his Cradle Nurs'd;
He Studies hard, and takes extreme Delight,
In Whores, or [illegible] to spend the Night:
My Vassal sworn! [illegible]
And [illegible], like Me, all Government and Laws;
All Ties of Duty, Gratitude are [illegible]:
His Books he [illegible] Malice [illegible]:
All Interests, Civil, Sacred, still [illegible]:
With [illegible] to [illegible] last [illegible]

Thus having ſaid, quick down to Earth he [illegible];
Full in the Middle of the Quadrangle [illegible]
With ſudden Glance he traverſ'd all the [illegible],
And then forthwith a human Shape aſſumes.
Like an *Old College-Bedmaker* he bent;
His *Cloven-Foot* he waigg'd as he went:
A frowzy high-crown'd Hat his Face did hide,
A hooked Staff his [illegible] Steps did guide,
A *Bunch* of various *Keys* hung jingling by his Side.
Quick to the Doctor's Chamber he repair'd,
Three ſolemn Rapps upon the Door were heard;
The Doctor liſtning, trembl'd, ſwore, and ſtar'd:
And in an inſtant tow'rds the Door he goes,
The Door, ſelf-opening, took him thwart the Noſe.
Aſtoniſh'd, back he ſtarted with a bound;
And thought, at leaſt, he trod enchanted Ground.
But as the *Spectre* nearer to him drew,
Reſolv'd at laſt, he cries, Z———s! What are You?
The *Spright* obſerving ſtreight his great Confuſion,
Thus calmly Silence broke (as He who knows the,)
'Dear Doctor! Prithee do not Tremble ſo:
'Pray be compos'd! What? ——Not *Crippelia* know!
'The *Devil* is not come to fetch you now.
'Once I was Young, nor wanted Female Charms,
'When I lay Panting in your curling Arms:
'Lock'd in the Folds of Love we Both defy'd
'The Statutes, and the Laws of God beſide.
'Then, my *Civilian*! As Incumb'd you lay,
'How did you Sigh and Kiſs the Hours away:
'Not *Alexander*, with *Statira* Bleſt, ———
'What? tho' with Age and Weakneſs now I bend,
'With Wrinkles ſhrivel'd: —— for One *Tumbler* ſend:
'If not a Miſtreſs, uſe me like a Friend.
'For Favours paſt ſome ſmall Regards are due;
'I won'd not at theſe Years have flouted you.
'Turn then, *Barbarian*, turn thy lovely Eyes;
'Survey me well:——and mark my Diſguiſe.——
'No muſty College-Matron here thou ſee'ſt;
'Them, and their Maſters, I alike deteſt,
'Abhor, as Thou doſt any Chriſtian Prieſt.
'Before thee ſtands *Hell*'s mighty Sovereign King:
'My Subject's Thanks for thy laſt Works I bring.
'All my Grim Sons, with Emulation fir'd,
'Reſtleſs thy Rights, thy Chriſtian Rights requir'd,
'Thy Chriſtian Church's Rights: Immortal Page!
'Worthy thy Malice, Impudence and Rage!
'Envious they 'ask, in ſullen ſorly mood;
'What *Incubus* did e'er thy Fancy brood?
'All *Hell* reſounds thy Name with loud Applauſe,
'And [illegible] the Leaders [illegible] like thy Cauſe:
'But above all, the Hot-brain'd *Atheiſt* Crew,
'That ever *Greece*, or *Rome*, or *Britain* knew,
'Waive all their [illegible], and yield [illegible] to you.
[illegible]

'*Spinoza* ſmiles, and cries——The Work is done;
'L——T ſhall finiſh, (*Satan's* Darling Son:)
'L——T ſhall finiſh, what *Spinoza* firſt begun.
'*Hobbes*, *Milton*, *Blount*, *Toland* with him join;
'All equally Admire the Vaſt Deſign.
'Then——to the Trumpet's, and the Clarion's Sound;
'The giddy Goblets whirl in Eddies round,
'To L——T's Health:——on Earth may L——T dwell!
'Late may we have his Preſence here in Hell!
'Till he the Glorious Work has done; They cry,
'Till *Chriſtian Churches* all in Ruins lie;
'(Sonorous Shoutings rend the Livid Sky)
'No ſingle *Fiend*, through all the numerous Hoſt,
'Declines the Glaſs, when L——T is the Toaſt.
'Old *Epicurus*, to *Lucretius* Bow'd,
'Young, Witty, Learn'd, Vain, Impudent, and Proud;
'*Diagoras* next *Apollonius* ſat;
'The ſolemn Sages on thy Works debate;
'The Traytor *Judas* ſmiling, Grinning ſtood;
'Sometimes he Bluſh'd, and then he Laugh'd aloud;
'Then Rage, and Hate, and Scorn, at laſt he cries,
'Curſe on thee, for thy ſilly random Kiſs!
'To take the Founder, and the Church to miſs.
'Apoſtate *Julian* roſe, and loudly Swore;
The Galilæans Empire was no more;
His Royal Prieſthood ſhou'd for ever ceaſe,
And Satan ſhall regain the Realms of Bliſs.
By this time L——T, quite recover'd, ſtood;
His Viſage redden'd with returning Blood,
And thus he anſwer'd (when he thrice had bow'd.)
Dr. Great are the Honors, which the Prince of Hell
Beſtows upon a Mortal Infidel;
Nor with leſs Pleaſure I the Praiſes hear,
Your Subjects to my trifling Labours ſpare;
Neither to You, nor Them, I muſt confeſs,
My Duty, as I ought, I can expreſs:
Fain wou'd I Merit more! wou'd they but Praiſe me leſs.
But give me leave (as I'm in Duty bound)
To pay thee, *Satan!* Reverence moſt profound;
(*Here with his Head nine times he touch'd the Ground.*)
Civility ſurprizing, I acknowledge;
To Viſit a poor Fellow of a College!
For *Hell's* dread Emperor to condeſcend
Himſelf! to ſee a Vile Terreſtrial Fiend!
Tell me, ye Gods of *Erebus* and Night!
How have ye heard of ſuch a worthleſs Wight?
What Thanks are then, Supream Apoſtate! due
From me, (the Meaneſt of God's Foes) to You?
S. Egregious Youth! Thou laſt beſt Hopes of Hell!
All Satan's Sons, have hitherto done well;
But Thou, all Satan's Sons do'ſt far excel.

How

[illegible] —— let us not, my worthy Friend!
Our Time in Ceremonies only ſpend.
Nine times Three Minutes I can only ſtay,
And cannot bear the leaſt Approach of Day:
Then to the bus'neſs quickly let us come;
'Tis what you ſtudy here, and I at home.
The Church of *England* is the curſed thing,
That you and I muſt to Deſtruction bring.
D. Thanks, Great Deſtroyer! if ſo mean a Man
As I, but work ſuch mighty Miſchief can;
No Time, nor Coſt I'll ſpare, no Strength or Pain:
(The *Church of England's Loſſes are my Gain.*)
Some *Deanery* then to my *Lay-fee* ſhall fall;
The Biſhopricks —— my *Betters* muſt have, —— *All.*
S. I tell Thee, *L——T*, and obſerve it well:
Merit, like Thine, does all Reward excell,
For *Gold*, or *Fame*, let little Souls contend;
Diſintereſted Miſchief be Thy *End*:
Only with Patience in thy Work perſiſt,
To *Hell's* Infernal *Cæſar* leave the reſt.
D. Oh *Emperor*! What Merit can I claim?
The youngeſt Hero in thy Liſts of Fame.
Had I of old, (as Scripture *Annals* ſing)
Wag'd War with Thee, 'gainſt Heaven's perpetual King,
Had I (but only on the Conquer'r's ſide)
Diſplay'd, with Thee, my Vanity and Pride;
Some Laurel then I cou'd with Pleaſure wear,
And without Bluſhing now my Praiſes hear.
S. Extreams on all ſides we with Juſtice blame;
A little then thy Headſtrong Rage reclaim;
And try thy Luſt of Anarchy to tame.
Miſchief enough remains on Earth undone;
Then check thy flight tow'ards Heav'n, my towring Son.
The greateſt Worth ſtill Bounds and Limits knows;
Be ſatisfy'd—— and gall thy preſent Foes.
The Chriſtian Church is ſtill in Safety found;
Let that be firſt quite level'd to the Ground.
When thou haſt finiſh'd this, (no ſmall Deſign)
Thou may'ſt with reaſon for freſh Miſchief pine:
And before all the Chriſtian Churches, ſtill
Let *Albion's* Church employ thy utmoſt Skill;
Quick againſt that thy ſecond Battery raiſe,
And equal to thy Miſchief be thy Praiſe.
Her Clergy firſt, with fouleſt Lyes defame;
Her Clergy, of whatever Age or Name;
Rome's Pontif, and the Ruling Elders ſpare,
To blacken *Albion's* Biſhops be thy care:
Tell how that Realm is by the Biſhops curs'd;
All Diſcord, Error, by their Canons nurs'd,
New Schemes of Government [illegible]
And all (but that which you live under) [illegible]
For mad Republicks ſtill thy Strains purſue;
For mad Republicks, whether Old or New:

All

All curſed Monarchies alike decry,
Mix'd, Abſolute their various Rights deny;
Monarchs, as Tyrants, in thy Book diſplay'd,
Biſhops, as feller Tyrants far than they:
Falſe are our Hopes, and fruitleſs our Pains,
While Biſhops Mitres wear, and *ANNA* Reigns.
D. It ſhall be done: Great Enemy of Light!
I hear 'em all, with thee, an equal Spite;
An equal Spite, tho' not a Power I bring,
With thee, 'gainſt Heav'ns all-ruling Tyrant King.
I hate his Son, as much as you, or more;
S. Why wilt thou thus aloft unbounded ſoar?
Stoop; ſtoop thy Wings; to Earth again deſcend.
D. At thy Monition, downwards thus I bend;
And only wiſh—his Church on Earth may end!
O were my Will but once *Britannia*'s Law!
Rome ſhould again the ſervile Nation awe;
The *Druids* elſe regain their loſt Abodes,
And *Tho* and *Woden* be *Britannia*'s Gods;
Idols in every Temple ſhou'd be found,
The Poor in Chains of Superſtition bound,
The Rich in Luxury and Atheiſm drown'd;
All Decency and Order ſhou'd be banniſh'd,
And wild *Enthuſiaſm* run bellowing thro' the Land.
All, in their turns, be Prophets, Prieſts, and Kings;
Diſtinctions are but meer fantaſtick things;
All government does from the People flow;
Whom they make Prieſts or Kings, are truly ſo.
Theſe are the Doctrines I'd the Nations teach,
No matter what the Prophets or Apoſtles Preach.
S. *Moſes* indeed (a Wonder-working *Jew*)
Tells you, how Empire firſt in *Eden* grew;
That *Adam* was the firſt undoubted King,
And from his Loyns all future Monarchs ſpring.
All Regal Power on Earth with him began,
And thro' his Veins to his Firſt-born it ran:
God made the Monarch when he made the Man.
The Patriarchs hence their Right Imperial claim'd;
And the firſt Son the Succeſſor was nam'd.
The People never gave Dominion birth;
As well might Crowns like Muſhrooms ſpring from Earth.
Notions——I own——that have been reckon'd Good;
But wond'rous Old! ——I think——before the Flood.
Dry; hard to ſwallow: Some of narrower Throats
Doubt, or deny, and think that *Rabbi* dotes;
So Comment all the Text away with Notes.
Next, he of *Nazareth* the Prophet came,
(To me, and thee, an ever hated Name)
This Scheme *Meſſiah* ne'er in pieces broke;
But left the Nations with an equal Yoke;
Of Monarchs and their Deputies be made obey'd,
(Only, to *Cæſar*, *Cæſar*'s *Things be paid.*)

The

The Laws of Earthly Realms be let alone;
But in Exchange, beneath his [illegible] groan:
And if from Heav'n, (as they pretend) he came;
Their Priesthood then from Heav'n they justly claim:
But that a little shocks my Faith; D. much mine;
S. The Christian Priesthood then is not Divine,
If *Jesus* then was not the Son of God,
Then an Impostor; D. Which I think; S. Allow'd.
D. * *And justly on the Cross the Impostor dy'd.*
Ye coming Ages! for th' Impostor's sake,
Of all his Tribe the like Examples make;
With equal Pain and Shame his Followers use,
With endless Plagues their Progeny pursue,
Let 'em from Earth with utmost Fury fly,
To seek their Weights of Glory in the Sky.
S. He first, then they, those slavish Doctrines taught,
That no Revenge shall on your Foes be wrought;
That Crowns Celestial were to Cowards giv'n;
And only Slaves on Earth were Lords in Heaven!
Doctrines too low, for thy exalted Race,
Reject 'em then, Sublimer far embrace;
Submission does thy Manly Tribe disgrace.
Do thou, thy native Fierceness bravely show;
Rather than Pardon, give the foremost blow:
Forgiveness, is the Coward's want of Skill,
Or Strength, to execute his angry Will;
Or else Revenge delay'd, till time mature,
Succeed the Vengeance, make Resentment sure.
Thou on thy Foes with speed and Vigour fly;
And ev'ry bold Offender, let him dye;
Stay not till he thy Pardon may implore;
Or if he does, let that incense thee more;
It shows a Coward; and a Coward's blow,
Deserves the utmost that thy Rage can do.
Thy Humour be thy Law, thy Lust thy Guide;
Nor subject be to any thing beside,
But Obstinacy, Vanity, and Pride.
——— In Truth, like these the hardy *Britons* [illegible]
Thus Subjects Wise their Liberties maintain,
And thus Rebellion will securely Reign.
Subjects, like these, their trembling Rulers awe,
Thus Kings receive, the People give the Law;
If any sawcy Monarch dare oppose,
Or Pedant Bishop; let 'em feel their Foes:
To Death or Exile quick the Traytors drive;
No Rebels to the People ought to live.
Thus *Laud*, and *Stuart*, both with Justice dy'd,
Fierce *Cromwel*, with the many on his side,
Thus check'd the Prelate's, and the Monarch's Pride.

---

* The Ax laid to the Root; where seeming Piety fled, [illegible] *such Blasphemy, to be the Sentiments and Language of these* [illegible] *pulaces.*

D. And

D. And thus it is, True Oracle of Lyes!
That in the Rights, the *Britons* I adviſe:
But they remain, reluctant to my Will;
Their *Beer* and *Beef*, confirm 'em Blockheads ſtill!
Wou'd they, but publickly my Doctrines own,
The Monarchy had long e're this, been down!
Epiſcopacy of that Name bereft;
And that is almoſt all, it now has left.
  If common Fortune does my Toyls attend;
My Second Rights that Order quite ſhall end.
  Inſtruct me; Mighty Leader! to oppoſe
Prieſts, Biſhops, Kings: *Brittannia*'s only Foes.
  S. *L——T*! —— Your Rights I like in gen'ral well:
Yet — in ſome parts, you've broke the Laws of Hell:
You ſpeak too plain, —— and lay your Cloak aſide, ——
Forbear, —— be cover'd, — *I* chaſtiſe ſuch Pride.
Wiſe *Fowlers* do not thus themſelves proclaim,
But wind with Caution round the watchful Game:
Had *I*, like you, the Hypocrite diſown'd,
Adam had ne'er beneath my Scepter groan'd.
  Bravo's, in other Countries, never cry
The Men in Publick, they intend ſhall dye.
  Wou'd'ſt thou? *Civilian*! *Depths Satanick* know;
Then to theſe Rules with deep Attention bow.
  Let *Moderation* all your Counſels guide;
Nothing does *Vice* ſo well as *Vertue* hide:
True, Sterling, and Infernal Treaſons —— This;
Formal begin —— All Hail! —— and then —— the Kiſs:
With Caution moſt deliberate proceed;
The ſwifteſt is not ſtill the ſureſt Speed:
To brutal Raſhneſs few great Deeds we owe;
Hero's in Miſchief civil are, and ſlow:
A gentle Anſwer all Objections ſolves;
Sheep's Cloathing is the proper Garb for Wolves.
  In vain againſt Religion War you wage,
Without the Serpent's Cunning, with his Rage.
  D. Accept my Thanks; *Hades all Sapient Sire*!
Who can enough thy Politicks admire?
Proſtrate I kneel; —— and for thy Pardon ſue; ——
For *Moderation* all my Vows renew:
Then bow thine Ear, and liſten to my Cries;
And make me, like thy ſelf, both brave and wiſe.
  S. Thus your Stage-Poets too, are all too blame,
Thoſe *Puppies* ever over-run their Game:
Over all Bounds, all Precipices leap;
Nor mind the Laſhings of the Hunter's Whip:
Bawdy, Prophaneneſs, Blaſphemy they joyn;
Think only Wit, with Wickedneſs, Divine:
Turn every thing that's Sacred, to a Jeſt,
In Chriſtian Countries never ſpare a Prieſt.
For Faults, like theſe, Fierce *Jerry Collier* roſe;
Briskly he Charg'd, and Routed all his Foes:

Ev'n the Train-band Reformers, cou'd engage
Such Sots; with Glory equal to their Rage.
For Faults, like theſe, from *France* the Dancers come,
And Eunuch Singing Choriſters, from *Rome*:
At vaſt Expence thoſe Epicures are fed;
The Poets, Players, juſtly want their Bread.
'Tis for theſe Reaſons Theatres decay;
Prophaneneſs ſinks, and Blaſphemy gives way:
Bawdy no more with pleaſure can be heard;
The Modeſt, Civil Sinners, all are ſcar'd.
For this, One Houſe a Timber-Yard is turn'd;
Oh! had ye heard—— how pocky *D*—— mourn'd!
The Pillars too of all the others bend;
I ſee their pageant Deities deſcend;
And all in real Flames their painted Glories end.
The Mightieſt Emperors, Moſt Gracious Queens,
Dwindle to Pimps, and Whores behind the Scenes.
With Prudence then, divert th' impending Blow,
Some Moderation in your Madneſs ſhow:
For Lewdneſs, for diſcreeter *Lewneſs* call;
For Modeſt Vice; —— or elſe the Stage will fall.
Your naſty Nakedneſs to Rage provokes;
On quickly with your Vizards--All, and Cloaks.
Plays are like Poyſons, if they're temper'd right,
Never offend the Taſt, the Smell, or Sight;
Bawdy bare-fac'd muſt never be allow'd;
Ev'n Whores are Maſk'd, and modeſt in a Crowd.
No Blaſphemies be bellow'd from the Stage,
Nor any publick Wars with Vertue wage;
In private be as Wicked as ye will;
Do not *Abroad* —— my Myſteries reveal.——
—— Rakes I abhor; all ſorts ſo loudly Lewd;
Hell bluſhes at the giddy ſenceleſs brood.
Whate'er you think, and pray ſuch Coxcombs tell,
We have ſome modeſty at leaſt—— in Hell.
Not ſuch as is in ſilly Virgins ſeen;
Grave, ſolid, ſober, ſerious Vice, I mean.
Be then theſe Rules obſerv'd alike by all;
And Vice again ſhall riſe, and Virtue fall;
The Realms of Darkneſs ev'ry Day increaſe;
Lewdneſs grow great, as Modeſty grows leſs.
Atheiſts, with *Poets*, *Players*, (Wretches vile
By the Saints call'd) ſhall Govern *Albion*'s Iſle;
And Satan on ye all propitious ſmile.
D. If Satan ſmiles, what mortal ſhall withſtand?
Th' unerring Thunder of my Vengeful Hand.
Liſten, ye *Briton*'s! then, to *L*——*T*'s Lore;
I'll ſoon relieve ye from Tyrannick *Pow'r*.
Nor *Prieſts*, nor *Monarchs*, ſhall in Fetters bind
Much longer, any free-born *Briton*'s Mind.
I'll teach ye, ev'ry Bullet-headed Wight,
To Drink all Day, and Fornicate all Night.
S. Well ſtarted, Caſuiſt! —— 'tis a *Briton*'s Right.

Whoring's a very little Venial Sin,
If *Phillis* be but wholſome, cheap, and clean;
And Drunkenneſs is Phiſically good,
To cure the Spleen, and circulate the Blood.
Pray, ——— when you take a new Sammick Text,
Inſtruct your honeſt blockhead *Briton's* next,
How by the Goſpel they're all plagu'd and vext.
Show 'em, that 'tis beneath a *Briton's* care,
To ſpend his time in Sacraments and Pray'r.
D. It ſhall be done, Moſt *Anti-Chriſtian* Spright!
And the three Creeds, my Liege, can ne'er be right;
Three Creeds? but One my Faith does puzzle quite.
Suppoſe that, *Not*, were by the *Commons* freed
Out of the *Decalogue*, and plac'd i'th' *Creed*.
That little trifling Particle ——— that *Not*;
(Or if Expung'd ——— 'twould be no mighty blot)
S. Compendious Thought! well worthy to ſucceed;
D. Then Faith and *Practice*, both at once wou'd ſpeed.
S. That wou'd be *Liberty* and *Property* indeed!
D. Oh! wou'd but Time that happy Scene diſcloſe!
In which no Senator ſhou'd dare oppoſe
That Vote; but all unanimouſly joyn;
Me, and themſelves, to free from Laws Divine:
Then uncontroul'd, I'd humour ev'ry Luſt,
And only be to Wine, and Women, Juſt.
S. Nothing ſhou'd bind a *Britiſh* P———t,
Without each Individual's Conſent.
The *Horeb* Contract, never yet was laid
Before the Houſes, nor has Once been read,
Or paſs'd in either; ——— VVherefore then Obey'd?
D. VVas *Horeb's* rigid Contract made for me?
Did I the Thunders hear? or Lightnings ſee?
S. Then not conſenting, you are plainly free.
All Contracts where one *Party's* over-aw'd,
The Civil Law, I think, deems Null and Void.
No Freedom with thoſe Ten Commandments laſts,
That *Horeb* Contract all your Freedom blaſts.
Diſſolve that Contract, try your utmoſt Strength,
You may, perhaps, find Friends enough at length.
Do thou, my Canoniſt! prepare a Bill,
The Houſe can any Covenants repeal;
And who ſhall dare oppoſe a Senate's VVill.
But I'm afraid, their boggling at the Teſt;
Gives us but ſlender Grounds to hope the beſt.
Had they that Bill but generouſly paſs'd,
VVith better Grace you might have urg'd this laſt.
D. Your Majeſty makes merry with your Slave;
S. Doſt thou then reckon [illegible] Projects grave?
Thy Projects in the [illegible]? Thou [illegible] Knave!
VVell, to be Serious; — Nay, say — why that look? —
There's very wretched Reas'ning in thy Book.
But — if you pleaſe the Nation with ſuch Stuff,
And make the Clergy Odious; ——— 'tis enough.

The

Thy Knowledge of the Scripture too, is ſmall,
But that, and Logick in a Lawyer, ſhall
Not be by me, inſiſted on —— at all.
Cou'd you no better, than you Reaſon, Rail;
S——T, 'twixt Friends, the *Parſons* wou'd prevail.
D. I've done my beſt: What Mortal can do more?
I'm ſure there's Malice in my Book, good ſtore.
S. Yes, pretty well——Doctor of Civil Law!
At laſt—— *I heed not* Logick of a Straw:
Tho' leſs, than in thy Rights, I own, I never ſaw.
—— No matter!——Mallice, Slander, does as well:
Theſe are our conſtant Arguments in Hell.
Be ſure then, in your ſecond Rights, take care,
That Curs'd, Eſtabliſh'd Clergy not to ſpare;
Load 'em with Malice, Slander, ev'ry where.
Stab 'em, my Ruffian! Stab 'em, thro' with Lies:
Till at thy Feet, that Order, gaſping Dies.
Then I, my ſelf, will lead thee down to Hell,
There, in ſupremeſt Pomp, with me to dwell.
The Furies patient, ſhall thy Coming wait;
In Magick Circles, to attend thy State;
Ten thouſand Infidels, before thee fly,
To clear thy Paſſage, thro' the crowded Sky.
At thy approach, Rebellion ſtern will riſe,
All ſmeer'd with Blood and gaſh'd: (to Arms ſhe cries,
Hurling a Spear tow'rds Heav'n) ſince L——T's ours,
Let's re-attack, ye Fiends, th' Etherial Tow'rs.
Democracy, (a Noiſy Patriot Fool,
The Rabble's Idol, and the Stateſman's Tool,)
After her ſawcy and familiar way,
Doctor, I'm yours; yours heartily, ſhe'll ſay:
How fares on Earth the *Jus Divinum*? Dead?
Do the *Patricii* the *Plebes* dread?
Almoſt——then fling this Mitre at that Monarch's Head.
Sedition loud, to Tumult mad, ſhall bawl;
And welcome thee to Satan's gloomy Hall:
Slander with all her Snakes ſhall hiſs thy Praiſe;
Treaſon leave all her Plots on thee to gaze;
Lewdneſs with Deiſm ſhall Record thy Name,
And Envy ſhall not envy thee thy Fame.
That wither'd, crooked Witch, Old *Hereſy*,
Will Wanton, Frantick grow, at ſight of thee;
Catch thee with Luſt extatick in her Arms;
Smiling with Youth renew'd, and Virgin Charms:
Then eager preſs her burning Lips to thine,
And round thy Neck, like a fond Miſtreſs, twine.
Vain-Glory, (Mighty Builder!) laſt ſhall raiſe,
At my Expence, this Fabrick to thy Praiſe.
Three hundred Cubits from the ſolid Ground,
(And all Emboſs'd with ſwelling Sculpture round)
The Column riſes juſt; with Strength and Beauty Crown'd.
High on its flaming Top, ſhall S——T ſtand;
Thy Chriſtian Rights wide open in thy Hand:

There, thou ſhalt teach the Damn'd to Curſe, Revile
God's Prieſthood and his Sons: the Damn'd the while
Forgetting all their Pains, ſhall liſtning ſmile.
Sullen Enthuſiaſm tearing of his Hair,
Diſtorted, Foaming, Trembling, in Deſpair,
Low at the Pillars Baſe half-rais'd ſhall lye,
Then ſtaring upwards, with a Shriek ſhall cry,
' *Are Atheiſts lifted up in Hell ſo high?*
  On thy Right-hand, Proud Blaſphemy ſhall ſit,
And on thy Left, Prophaneneſs; Scurril Wit,
Impudence, Sophiſtry, (Hell's Rabble Rout)
With Error, Folly, Vanity, and Doubt;
Huzza—The Rights—The Chriſtian Rights—ſhall ſhout.
  The Scriptures all to ſhivers torn, ſhall fly
Like driving Snows along a ſtormy Sky:
The Spoils of Chriſtian Churches ſhall beſtrow
With ſweet Confuſion all the Plain below.
  Rage unreclaim'd ſhall round the Ruins ride,
With ſtupid Irreligion by his ſide:
(On Earth by Flattery both for Patriots prais'd,
In Hell by me to Seats infernal raiſ'd;)
Theſe ſhall the Scepter, Robes and Diadem bring,
While I anoint thee—— Miſchief's Monkey King.
  Such are the Honours I prepare for thoſe,
Who are, like thee, to Prieſts Immortal Foes.
  Was ever Land by ſilly Prieſts miſ-led?
Did ever ancient Heroes *Parſons* dread?
Ye drowzy Senators, from Sleep ariſe!
Ye *Publick Patriots*, When will ye be Wiſe?
Wou'd ye a true Dependant Prieſthood have?
Reſume the Tythes your dull Forefathers gave.
  Let 'em at Altars for Subſcriptions wait,
Or Arbitrary Penſions of the State:
Then if they dare, but what you'd have 'em teach,
Let 'em, like *Paul*, at their own Charges Preach:
While they their Biſhopricks, and Dean'ries keep,
Theſe Wolves will never tremble at you Sheep.
  D. That little Text, my Liege! theſe Notions nicks;
Jeſhurun, till he fattens, never kicks.
  S. The Convocation, do whate'er I can,
Still thwarts the Meaſures of my dark Divan.
  D. Might Slaves with Emperors in Counſel ſhare;
That Senate, in Ten thouſand Pieces tear.
In that, *Britannia's* Church collected ſtands;
A Giant with two Heads, three hundred Hands;
Bodies united, Terrible appear;
Which ſeparate, no ſingle Man wou'd Fear;
Each Coward ſingly, I my ſelf cou'd beat;
But dare not all of 'em together meet.
So wary Hawks do fearful Pigeons fly,
As they in Squadrons Wing the liquid Sky;

When

When joyn'd in Troops, the Foe they wiſely won,
And yet, they'll Kill a Thouſand, One by One.
S. Now I commend thee *M*——*n*, wiſely ſaid;
And wiſely with ſuch Enemies proceed:
Do thou inſtruct the Commons, and the Law,
With Premunires ſtill thoſe Prieſts to awe;
Then they'll ſubmit; Thus *Henry* gain'd his Cauſe;
All Shepherds tremble at a Lyon's Paws:
For, tho' to others they of Suffering talk,
In their own Caſe they ſtill that Doctrine baulk.
And after all——if thoſe two Houſes——meet——
——*D.* The Devil, *S.* And the Doctor. *D.* Both are bit:
But for their Gracious Empreſs——there's the Taſk——
S. Which will my utmoſt Care and Caution aſk.
I own, ſhe's arm'd with Piety and Pray'rs;
Such Goodneſs——frequently eludes my Snares.
Firm and unſhaken; hitherto Sh'as ſtood;
Nor heeds the Noiſe and Workings of the Flood.
But Hope, you Mortals ſay, with Life does laſt;
Tho' beaten ſtill, ſtill I can riſe as faſt.
You cannot but remember Gentle *Eve*;
To me,——the Wheedling of the Ladies leave.
Old *Clarendon* does well my Friends diſgrace,
What then?—my Friends at Court have met with Place.
Patient I'll wait——Obſerve the rowling Sky;
Then——catch the lucky Minutes as they fly.
Once, with Succeſs, I hunted mighty Game;
That Day ſhall ſtand conſign'd to Deathleſs Fame,
Earth trembl'd as my Beagles ſhouting onward came.
Remorſeleſs, round the Royal Hart they ſtood,
And plung'd their Dew-laps in his his Sacred Blood.
The Powers infernal Jealous, wonder'd why,
'Twas given to Mortal Men to Sin ſo high.
Thus fell old Pious *Charles*, in Suff'rings Brave;
The Rebels Rul'd. Their Monarch was their Slave;
His Clemency did firſt his State enthral;
And by his Goodneſs 'twas I wrought his Fall.
I fill'd his Senates with my ſaucy Brood,
Bred with Sin and Impudence they ſtood;
The Subject Hector'd, and the Monarch Bow'd.
For that perhaps Above he is Renown'd,
But ſince on Earth a Traytor's Death he found,
I'm ſatiſ-fy'd. *D.* So may all Kings be Crown'd.
S. Oh *ANNA!* When will thy Devotion ceaſe?
When will thy Streams of Charity decreaſe?
That better Hopes may to our Proſpect riſe;
But thou'rt confirm'd the *Darling* of the *Skies*.
Why art thou thus too Generouſly Great?
To ſink thy Own, to raiſe the Clergy's State.
What Bleſſings ſtill attend thy Glorious Reign!
Oh *ANNA!* moſt perverſly Pious QUEEN!
Heav'n's Smiling to ſee Thee Rule Thy Realms below;
And Sov'reign Power, with Sov'reign Goodneſs ſhow: Thy

Thy Royal Grandſire's Worth, with better Fate,
Shall make Thee, thro' all Ages, truly Great.
D. All Mighty Men by Fate's Adverſe are croſs'd;
Thus we not Works, but Wiſhes only boaſt:
Brave *Ravillac* ſhou'd elſe but Second ſtand
To me, in Hell's Aſſaſſinating Band:
Were it not otherwiſe Decree'd above;
The Guardian Angels ſtill the Strongeſt prove.
But, *Sir!*—— thoſe Fooliſh Univerſities
Are they too, Guarded by Supreme Decrees?
Oh, Wou'd ſome other *Henry* but ariſe,
Diſſolve their Colleges, their Buildings burn,
And all their Books to Flames and Aſhes turn:
Sell all their Lands, to make the Nobles Drunk,
That ev'ry Commoner, as *Olim* —— *more*,
Might at the Churches Charges keep —— a Punk.
Then thou * *Bridgewater*, ſhou'dſt in *Europe* claim,
Oxford's Immortal Venerable Name:
Cambridge to * *Taunton* all her Tow'rs reſign;
S. And both in Mighty *L——*'s Praiſes joyn.
D. Thus Piety and Learning ſhou'd decay,
And Ignorance and Atheiſm bear the Sway.
S. Exquiſite Fiend, Satan's undoubted Seed;
How does thy Likeneſs juſtifie thy Breed?
What Pity 'tis, it ever ſhou'd be ſaid,
That thou did'ſt Eat a paltry *Prelate*'s Bread.
For Shame! For Shame! thy Fellowſhip Reſign!
Nor longer with thoſe Chriſtian Coxcombs Dine!
Forſake thy Pedant Cell, to Courts repair,
Triumphant Atheiſm thou wilt meet with there:
Thy moſt degenerate Friends, the Courtiers, tell,
We have not ſuch Ingratitude in Hell;
To let a Youth, like thee, regardleſs paſs,
Nor mind the Glories of thy Glitt'ring Face:
Merit, like thine, to meet with no Reward!
Ye Guardian Pow'rs of Vice! 'tis wond'rous hard.
King *David*'s Admonition here is juſt;
Not Princes, nor in any Courtiers truſt.
But hold—— my time is almoſt quite expir'd;
Beſides, Below my Preſence is requir'd.
—— 'Rot the *Republicans*! I am betray'd;
'That *T*[illegible] has an Inſurrection made
'With his Depoſing Doctrines; but e're Day,
'I'll teach that Dog! Hell's Monarch to Obey.
Do thou, then, quickly theſe few Orders take,
And I thy [illegible]
'To all thy real and admiring Friends,
'Satan, by thee, his hearty Love commends.
'To *T*—— *d*, *C*—— *s*, *S*—— *n*, *A*—— *l*, tell,
'Sir *R*[illegible]; *B*—— *d* [illegible] kindly well;
'And hopes to ſee ſhortly All —— in Hell.

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* Two noted *Presbyterian* Seminaries in the [illegible]

'From me the *Phœnix Editors* Salute;
'And I've a Letter here for Esquire *S—————re*.
'——— *D———n*, with his Brethren of the Bay,
'His Love to *G————y*, Blaſphemous G——— *b*, conveys;
'And Thanks him for his Pagan Funeral Praiſe.
'Hopes *W————y*, whoſe Chriſtian Name is *Will*,
'Continues very Witty, Wicked ſtill:
'The like of *G————n*, *V———b*, and the Reſt,
'Who ſwear, that all Religion is a Jeſt.
'Tell Doctor *B————t*, Theory [illegible],
'His *Eve* and *Serpent* have our [illegible];
'*Lucian*, the Maſter for that Dialogue Thanks;
'The *Snake* and *Lady* ſame, play — pretty Pranks.
'*Hugh Peters* ſomething ſaid, a Canting Sot,
'About One *Ben* ———— his Sir-name I've forgot:
'His *Meaſures of Submiſſion*, were Obey'd
'Exactly, by *Wat Tyler*, and *Jack Cade*.
'[illegible] to *Cary* had ſome Warnings given [illegible]
'But his ſtiff Scribe was no where to be found:
'The Fool himſelf, can neither Write nor Read;
'The Motions of his Chops I did not heed.
'Old *Ammo* cry'd, O *Lucifer*! I charge ye
'Thank *W————s* for his *Music* to the Clergy.
Oliver's Porter [illegible] *me at Hell's Door*,
'[illegible] *my Ears the Prophecy did roar.*
'[illegible] *certain Emulation* Knight,
'*of* Britain-Geeſe, *a very little Wight*,
Sir [illegible] *B———y came, but ſoon was gone*,
When [illegible] *his Worſhip will be* [illegible]
'Have ye not here, on Earth, [illegible]
D. Your *Highneſs* means, if I conjecture true,
[illegible] Blockheads [illegible] and Review.
S. The ſame ————
They're mangy, lazy Curs' I'le have 'em Hang'd,
Or elſe, 'till all their Bones are broken, Bang'd.
In half this Time *Pryn* Ruin'd Church and State:
D. All Scoundrels cannot grow, by Scribling, Great.
S. If they can nothing more to purpoſe ſay,
I'le burn their Papers, and withdraw their Pay.
Prithee teach Juſtice M———t! the Bibliotheque
Choiſe, *whereof Author, of your Works does ſpeak*;
Becauſe, Socinus [illegible] *Wager Laid*,
Theres ſomething [illegible] *Humour ſaid*:
And then our Scribling Swiſs, Le Clerc, *will ſay*
As much——of any [illegible] *in Eng——for Pay*.
In Winter, when [illegible]——all——[illegible] *you go ſit*,
Pray tell your Club, I wiſh them Glaſſes [illegible],
And at the Calves-Head *Feaſt, where next you Dine*,
Accept theſe Flaſks of Acherontick *Wine*;
[illegible]
I'le have a Brace of D——s within the Seraglio,
Spite of the Doctrine of that Doctor B————
From me, as from a Friend, the Reverend tell,
We've Men of Senſe and Quality in Hell.
[illegible] ——— *Take one Parting Kiſs*;
[illegible] *Bantter*, [illegible] *this*,
[illegible] *having ſaid*, [illegible]
And [illegible] *Chimney flew*.

F I N I S.

CAMBRIDGE [illegible] 1870